

Coffee, Contemplation...and Cunnilingus. by Narnienoo2003

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Summary:

You wake up besides your lover Jim Hopper and decide to request a little oral to start the day off right. He is surprisingly happy to oblige.

Coffee, Contemplation...and Cunnilingus.

A/N: First smutty one-shot on here, let me know if you have requests!

You always woke up a few minutes before him. At first it was irritating- you were jealous of your teddy bear of a man's extra ounces of sleep. But when you realized that it was the most at peace you would ever see him throughout the day, you relished the chance to drink in his morning image. Not that the image was one of conventional beauty...far from it. His mouth was almost always open, which meant drool, and sometimes even a day-old cigarette hung from his lips even though you'd begged him not to smoke in bed. He always slept naked or in boxers, regardless of the season, which meant his thick waisted middle and wide hairy chest greeted you daily. And every now and again, a fart. It didn't matter though. To you, Jim Hopper was the perfect mate.

He was not an easy man, that was for sure. The amount of times that you and he argued about things was innumerable. He was stubborn, head strong, resistant to change, and always felt deeply that he had made the right decision and should therefore have the final say...but then again so did you. As a matter of fact, the more you thought about it, the more you realized that the two of you together was comical at best. Jim, however, adamantly disagreed. To him, you were exactly what he needed. The yin to his yang, the Ginger to his Fred, and most importantly- the mother to his Jane. Strong in your loyalty, fervent in your love, and "the best damn fuck" he'd ever had. You blushed a little recalling the exact instance of when he had uttered those not-so-appropriate words.

It was the fourth or fifth time you two had made love, and he was bringing you closer and closer to orgasm with him not too far behind. He was a surprisingly good lover, considering his gruff exterior. He had been a quick learner, and was far more considerate than you had initially expected. Much like his daily behavior, he generally was not a man of words in these passionate exchanges. Your moans, mingled with the pleasant sting of his skin smacking against yours and the occasional grunt was all the sound the two of you made. For whatever reason, this time had been different for him. "Are you close,

baby?" he had muttered, his pace getting erratic as he entered you from behind. "Fuck, yes..." you had moaned, your face falling to the pillow. You pressed your ass just a little closer as he penetrated you deep, sending you over the edge. The pressure in your sex had uncoiled like a spring being released, causing your hips to buck against his.

"Whooooa, girl!" He had strained as he felt your core constrict around his pulsating cock.

"Ride me through it," You had whimpered, and not two strokes later he came. He moaned the words as he lowered himself over you, the session ended.

A deep sigh from Jim as he began to wake pulled you out of your arousing thoughts. He rubbed his eyes with a strong, long fingered hand and thumbed the drool from the corner of his lips.

"Hey sweetheart," he grumbled through squinting eyes. You smiled sweetly back, running your fingers over his bearded jaw.

"Sleep okay?"

"Sure, why not." He smiled, wrapping his arms around you and drawing you into his chest. You laid there together in warm silence for a few moments, taking in each other's natural scents. You were shirtless from the night before, and the skin on skin contact was beyond electric. You could feel your nipples hardening against the soft resistance of his chest with every intake of his scent. A warmth was presenting itself within your folds, and you shifted a little, squeezing your thighs together to offset the tingling.

"You want some coffee?" you gulped.

"Not yet," he kissed the top of your head, seemingly unaware of the desire that was swelling not 6 inches away from his morning hardened cock.

"Jim?" You looked up.

"Hmm?"

"I'm fucking horny as hell, babe."

"Oh yeah?" His heavy brow lifted, suddenly not so tired. "What do you want?"

"Go down on me."

He released his arms' hold and shimmied under the blankets. You gasped with pleasure as you felt strong hands pull your panties down your legs. Spreading your legs, you reached down and felt for Jim's head. Your hungry fingers found him, and you wove your fingers into his morning matted strands.

“Don’t pull my hair this time, okay?”

“I won’t,” you giggle.

“If I lose any hair it’s game over.”

“Just get to work, Hopper,” you teased, pushing his face closer to your throbbing folds. He made quick work of your labia, sucking artfully from top to bottom then nuzzling your bean with his nose. You free one of your hands to separate the labia and give him access to your clitoris.

“Lick it,” you beg. The chief is all too happy to oblige, running the tip of his tongue around your nub one way, and then the other.

“Oh fuck, Jim...”

He murmured softly in response, the vibrations from his dulcet vocalization resonating against your flesh. You feel yourself becoming more and more wet with pleasure. These were the moments with him you knew would never leave your memory.

You bring your hands up to your breasts and start playing with your nipples as he starts to lap up your fluid. It is becoming difficult to not push upwards with your hips. Sensing this, he takes a hold of you, then plunges his warm tongue into your sex.

You begin to pant, the walls of your vagina craving the police chief’s wet touch. In and out, in and out, his tongue causing your back to arch and your hips to squirm. He knew exactly where your g-spot was...he could release your orgasm at any moment. Instead he chose to suck and lick and tease, waiting for your thighs to quiver and your breathing to be ragged.

“Do it, please...” You gasped.

Pretending to ignore you, his lips found your nub and lightly sucked, causing you to shake uncontrollably. It took everything in you not to cry out in pleasure. Knowing you well, Hopper grabs a pillow and places it over your face. You hold it there, knowing that when he finally allowed you to orgasm, you were going to need the sound barrier. You felt his beard twitch; the bastard was smirking.

Thankfully he didn’t make you wait much longer. The pillow had just touched your face when he thrust the entire length of his tongue back into you, causing your legs to fly up as he pressed the muscle against your spot and released your climax.

Your hips bucked, and your legs shook like crazy in reaction to the explosive moment. You found yourself throwing the pillow aside, your hands instead pressing his face forcefully into your crotch, imploring him to continue through till the end.

As the pleasure subsided you lowered your legs, your breathing slowly returning to normal as he lapped up the fluid. You began playing with his hair as he started cleaning you up.

“I thought mornings were for coffee and contemplation, Chief Hopper...”

He emerged playfully from between your legs, licking a run of watery cum off your thigh with a roguish smile.

“Coffee, contemplation...and cunnilingus.”